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on smouldering embers of Good Cheer, somewhere within me, which before the day was out, became a veritable blaze.

Glancing at my card of directions I found the mystic letters "4B.L." written under my patient's name and address. These letters will mean many things to me henceforth, and I have since found various satisfactory ways of translating them, other than the original. Four flights up, to my left, and at the back of the darkest, dirtiest hall imaginable—"4 B. L."—I found my Christmas, my courage, and my Star. Why try to describe the surroundings? They matter little. The babe cared not if smells and dirt were all about her. She was beautiful, and pink, and sweet, and only twelve hours old. To bathe her was the loveliest thing I have ever done, and it took much longer than my Sloane training would approve. A process

long enough, in fact, to restore within me a Better Spirit, and another meaning of "4 B. L." came suddenly to me. "For Blessings Lavished," and hitherto unappreciated. And through that grey, smoke-grimed ceiling, methinks if I could see, a Star hung there, in Henry Street.

Have you ever read of the Babe that morn, and dreamed that you saw Him too, lying there in His bed of straw? He was little, and cunning too, and could laugh and dimple, as He looked around, and His eyes were azure blue.

Then when evening came to Henry Street, my Star led me home. Happy? Yes, tired with the climbing of many stairs, but bearing in my hand that little card, and in my heart the message, "4 B. L."—For blessings lavished on thee, be thou indeed grateful this Christmas tide. Go follow on.

THE TRAINED NURSE

BY JACK RYAN
California

THE doctor introduces her. A clean cap and spotless uniform, a clean face and clean eye, whisper the word purity, and doubly so because it radiates from her very heart. The doctor leaves, and she speaks a few cheery words and proceeds to tidy the room. As she touches something here and changes something there, you see she knows her business, and that thought brings assurance. New sides of her nature and training appear to you as the days pass. Friends come and go, and you realize she is the most tactful diplomat you have ever seen, never rude, but always having her own way. Then

she is the very breath of the morning to cheer you up, a tonic to brace you up, an inspiration to make you forget yourself, and above all, a mind reader, else how could she know just what you want before you could make up your mind whether or not you really wanted it? And as you convalesce you almost believe her an angel, for what other being could possess so many virtues at once? She is continually fighting a battle with death and her humanity has been touched with sorrows of others; to her has come the vision of service,—the secret of a successful trained nurse.